

Good 548

Morning

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of Office of Admiral (Submarines)

QUICK FREEZING MAKES TIME STAND STILL

Quick-freezing refrigeration means strawberries in mid-winter, fish, vegetables and all foods "out of season," with no bottling, salting or canning—a housewives dream come true, says T. S. DOUGLAS



THERE'S A GOOD TIME COMING for A.B. Mike Stafford

THERE'S a great welcome waiting for Able Seaman Mike Stafford when he next manages to swing off the train at Newcastle Central Station—particularly if he times his arrival for New Year's Eve.

Your folks really appreciate the way these boys take an interest in what you're doing, and I'm sure you will be equally delighted.

Just a little postscript, in case you're interested. The

garden produce is fine and dandy, and will guarantee you plenty of green vegetables—just in case things are a little difficult to obtain when you finally sight the Canny Town once more.

Reason—Mike is the only one of the family left (save Dad), who can really let the New Year in. And as Dad has done this job so many times before, he thinks it's time Mike had a hand in the ushering in of good luck for the coming year.

All being well, there'll be a family reunion—with sister Dorothy representing the A.T.S., Mike putting in a good word for the undersea department of the Silent Service, and Pop and Mum just letting everybody see that those on the home front have done a good job in this war.

There'll be plenty to eat and drink, too. Mike. Mother is scraping and saving out of the weekly ration in order that you shall have a leave worthy of you, and judging by the good smells that wafted in from the kitchen when "Good Morning" cameraman, Alan Haughton, and I, called at 61, Brampton Avenue, Walker-on-Tyne, there'll be plenty of tasty tit-bits on the table.

By the way, Dad still keeps that old pipe that he raves about and swears that his baccy tastes better when he uses that one. As for Mother's opinion—well, she just smiled and neither agreed nor disagreed with his opinion.

Tommy Richardson and the boys pay a visit to your home about once a week—to find out whether you have sent any exciting news back home.

We ALWAYS write to you, if you write first to "Good Morning," c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1

Home Town News

SOME fellows have all the luck. Take, for example, Staff-Sergeant Charles Bridle, of the R.E.M.E., whose home to is in Bryanston-road, Bitterne, Southampton.

While in North Africa with the Eighth Army he met Miss Dorothy Squires, of Margaret-street, Ashton-under-Lyne, Lancs., who was serving with a Salvation Army mobile canteen attached to his division.

They fell in love and when the division went to Italy, Dorothy and her canteen went with it. It was a happy omen: Cupid was on their side. "Let's get married," suggested Charles. And they did.

The wedding took place in a room of a shell-torn farmhouse not far from the front line. An Army padre performed the ceremony and the booming guns in nearby fields were the "wedding bells."

The wedding breakfast consisted of local wines, cakes and rolls made by Army cooks, naval officer's room on the and a goose, bartered for a first tin of bully beef.

There was a honeymoon, too—just a two-day affair, spent in a shell-shattered village behind the line.

Bride and groom are now back on duty, but they still see each other every day. "I must be the only soldier actually to have his wife with him at the front," writes Sgt. Bridle in a letter home.

It's a lively war—for some chaps. What do you say, submariners?

COUPONS FOR CASSOCKS. The cassocks of choristers of Christchurch Priory, famous Hampshire Church, were threadbare and in places, positively ragged.

How to refit the choir with new cassocks was a real problem for the vicar, Strong—embodiment of the Canon W. H. Gay. It was

a question not of cash but of coupons.

The vicar issued an appeal to members of his flock for gifts of clothing coupons.

The response was prompt and surprising.

He received no fewer than 143 coupons—most of them from spinsters, widows and bachelors. An elderly nurse sent him 23.

The vicar's problem was solved—and the choir are quite prepared to sing an anthem of thanksgiving.

TWINS H.Q. COMEDY.

Geoffrey and Stanley Mason, 20-year-old sons of Mr. and Mrs. J. Mason, of Darwin-road, Eastleigh, worked together as sawyers, joined up in the Royal Marines on the same day, and are now serving together in Algiers—much to the confusion of their comrades and other people.

The other day, Stanley was guarding the door of a senior naval officer's room on the and a goose, bartered for a first tin of bully beef.

Downstairs, the officer received an equally smart salute from Stanley's twin brother, Geoffrey, who was on guard there.

A few minutes later an officer of the Royal Marines received a telephone call.

"There's only one Marine on guard at your H.Q. and he's wandering all over the building," he was told.

Investigation showed that neither of the twins had left his post, but they looked so much alike that the complaining officer's mistake was understandable.

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a lump of red ice. But in a few hours the ice will have been replaced by strawberries, uncooked, and with all the flavour they had when first picked.

The secret is "quick-freezing," a development of refrigeration which had begun before the war but has recently made great strides. The example of the strawberries is of a "luxury," and certainly quick freezing will be used to make vegetables and fruits more available in their "off-seasons." But it will also be used greatly for evening-out the supply of all perishable foods throughout the year.

Since man first began to be civilised, one of his problems has been to eke out his supply of perishable foods through the cold season. Smoking, salting, canning, and now refrigeration, have increased his control over his food. What these processes do, in fact, is to "make time stand still."

In refrigeration the temperature is lowered to a point where the bacteria causing decay become completely inactive. They are not destroyed, as in canning, but they just stop growing. As soon as the temperature is increased again they continue from where they left off.

Theoretically, it should be possible to refrigerate anything so that it will be preserved for ever. In practice that is not possible, as any housewife who has tried to keep tomatoes or bananas in her refrigerator knows. The trouble was that minute crystals of ice formed in the cells of the food, tearing open their walls and destroying them.

Now, the technique of quick freezing, in which a very low temperature is reached in a matter of seconds, prevents the formation of these harmful crystals, and fruits and fish and vegetables have been kept six and nine months. When they are thawed out they are as fresh as when they went in. The technique has made possible some remarkable developments. For instance, tomatoes can be frozen while green. When taken out they are thawed and then ripened!

Florists are using quick-freezing to produce exotic flowers off-season without the aid of expensive hot-houses. The stems of the flowers in bud, and they are frozen. Any time up to a year later they can be taken out, thawed, and allowed to bloom. For the flower-buds time has just stood still.

Applied to flowers grown from bulbs, it enables them to be grown to flower at any time of the year. The bulbs are simply frozen at the stage when they are beginning new growth. They

who has just retired from the Southampton Police Force after 25 years' service.

Boxing champion of the Force and a former heavyweight champion of All-India—while serving in the Royal Artillery shortly before the outbreak of the last war—Constable Strong was the Force's "rough-house" expert.

He once tackled three obstreperous soldiers who were causing trouble "down town" and took all three of them to police headquarters, single-handed one under each arm and holding the other by the scruff of the neck.

P.C. Strong was the "terror" of hooligans and troublemakers in Southampton's toughest quarters, and these gentry will rejoice in his retirement from the ranks of the men in blue.

are held frozen at this stage—so long as it reached a good yearly figure.

The full development should be of great value to the world meat trade, and its use by the fishing industry will result in much quality fish reaching the shops in towns far removed from ports.

The fish would be quick-frozen immediately after being caught. Then for them time would stand still until they reached the fishmonger's slab, when they would be allowed to thaw out. Their state would then be exactly the same as when they were pulled from the sea.

Research has shown that not only the flavour but also the vitamin and mineral contents of quick-frozen foods remain unimpaired.

Perhaps the strangest use of cold to make time stand still is that suggested by Professor M. Sumgin, the Russian scientist. He proposes to use Russia's natural refrigerator—the great frozen crust of earth in parts of Siberia—to preserve specimens of all the articles used by modern civilisation for 10,000 years.

Using a chamber dug deep in the earth or a natural cavern, he would fill it with specimens of the races of man, books, clothing, and so on. Ten thousand years hence they would be absolutely unchanged.

Bodies and household articles accidentally buried in these accidents more than a thousand years ago have been excavated absolutely unchanged. It was as if the clock was stopped and all the normal processes of deterioration and decay prevented. Neither chemical nor bacterial action can take place.

She stopped her job to send this message—and so did Toots.



TWO SMILES for C.P.O. Charles Hammerton

WHEN a "Good Morning" lunch every day at the Strand Toots is asking after you and sends her love and says she hopes to see you soon. Peggy at the house opposite is still reserving a drop of something special for you. Sounds intriguing!

Your wife says she hopes you are not going to forget that Persian lamb coat you promised! She wanted to say much more, but the rush hour had started and your wife returned to the job of helping to feed some of London's hungry masses.

She closed by wishing you all the best for Christmas and lots of love, thousands of kisses and a safe return. What more could the Admiralty; he goes in to a fellow wish for himself?

Jilted for a "Lobster"

FROM this incident a coolness "You've lost the prettiest little sprang up between the skipper girl in England." and the girl, which increased hourly. "What?" said the skipper, in At times the skipper weakened, incredulous tones. but the watchful mate was always "Fact," replied the other, on hand to prevent mischief. "Here's your ring back. I Owing to his fostering care Evans wouldn't let her wear it any was generally busy, and always longer." gruff; and Miss Cooper, who was "However did you do it?" used to the most assiduous attention, inquired Evans, taking the ring to be most bewildered or most "Oh, easy as possible," said indignant. Four times in one day the mate. "She liked me best, did he remark in her hearing that that's all." a sailor's ship was his sweetheart, "But what did you say to while his treatment of his small her?" persisted Evans. prospective brother-in-law, when The other reflected. he expostulated with him on the "I can't call to mind exactly," state of his wardrobe, filled that he said at length. "But you may hitherto pampered youth with rely upon it, I said everything amazement. At last, on the I could against you. But she never fourth night out, as the little did care much for you. She told schooner was passing the coast of me so herself."

"I wish you joy of your bargain," said Evans solemnly, after a long pause.

"What do you mean?" de-

manded the mate sharply.

"A girl like that," said the skipper, with a lump in his throat, "who can carry on with two men at once ain't worth having. She's not my money, that's all."

The mate looked at him in honest bewilderment.

"Mark my words," continued the skipper, "you'll live to regret it. A girl like that's got no ballast. She'll always be running after fresh neckties."

"You put it down to the necktie, do you?" sneered the mate wrathfully.

"That and the clothes, cert'nly," replied the skipper.

"Well, you're wrong," said the mate. "A lot you know about girls. It wasn't your old clothes, and it wasn't all your bad behaviour to her since she's been aboard. You may as well know first as last. She wouldn't have nothing to do with me at first, so I told her all about Mary Jones."

"You told her that?" cried the skipper fiercely.

"I did," replied the other. "She was pretty wild at first; but then the comic side of it struck her—you wearing them old clothes, and going about as you did. She used to watch you until she couldn't stand it any longer, and then go down in the cabin and laugh. Wonderful spirits that girl's got. Hush! here she is!"

As he spoke the girl came on deck, and, seeing the two men talking together, remained at a short distance from them.

"It's all right, Jane," said the mate; "I've told him."

"Oh!" said Miss Cooper, with a little gasp.

"I can't bear deceit," said the mate; "and now it's off his

mind, he's so happy he can't bear himself."

The latter part of this assertion seemed to be more warranted by and a mind at ease might have got him entirely, and exchanged facts than the former, but Evans found enjoyment in the quiet little playful slaps and pushes, made a choking noise, which he beauty of the night, but the which incensed him beyond description. Several times he was intended as a sign of unbearable skipper was too interested in the cription. Several times he was on the point of exercising his position as commander and ordering the mate below, but in the circumstances interference was impossible, and, with a low-voiced good-night, he went below. Here his gaze fell on William Henry, who was slumbering peacefully, and, with a hazy idea of the eternal fitness of things, he raised the youth in his arms, and, despite his sleepy protests, deposited him in the mate's bunk. Then, with head and heart both aching, he retired for the night.

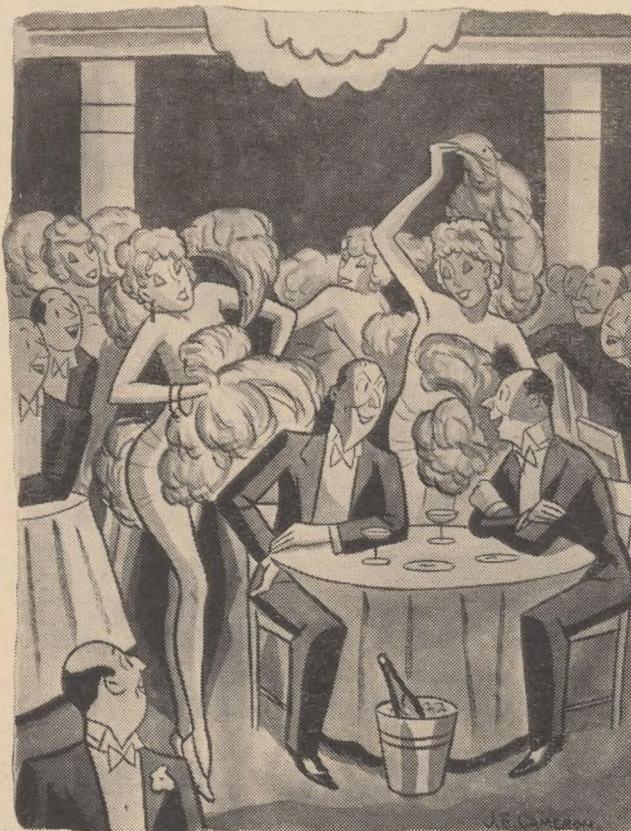
There was a little embarrassment next day, but it soon passed off, and the three adult inmates of the cabin got on quite easy terms with each other. The most worried person aft was the boy, who had not been taken into their confidence, and whose face, when his sister sat with the mate's arm around her waist, presented to the skipper a perfect study in emotions.

"I feel quite curious to see this Miss Jones," said Miss Cooper amiably, as they sat at dinner.

"She'll be on the quay, waving her handkerchief to him," said the mate. "We'll be in to-morrow afternoon, and then you'll see her."

As it happened, the mate was a few hours out in his reckoning, for by the time the Falcon's bows were laid for the small harbour it was quite dark, and the little schooner glided in, guided by the two lights which marked the entrance. The quay

(Continued on Page 3)



QUIZ for today



Poets" and why were they so called?

6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Gum, Paste, Glue, Seccotine, Mucilage, Adhesive.

Answers to Quiz in No. 547

1. A stetson is a son who has been disowned by his parents and then accepted back into the family, a kind of hat, a duplicating machine, a sharp tool?

2. If you were given a scope, would you use it to sweep the chimneys, examine signatures, see to read by?

3. Who invented the cash register, and when?

4. Why are 21 shillings called a Guinea?

5. Who were the "Lake aren't.

1. Fish (young sturgeon).

2. About 160 tons.

3. Calculating device invented by John Napier, made of ten oblong pieces of bone inscribed with numbers.

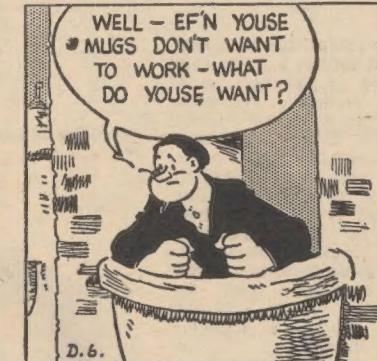
4. Six. English, Welsh, Gaelic, Irish, Manx (Isle of

Gaelic), French (Channel Islands).

5. Carlyle's "French Revolution."

6. G is a musical note; others

BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



WANGLING WORDS—487

1. Insert consonants in: *I*I and *O*O*O* and get two groups of islands.

2. Here are two articles of clothing whose syllables, and the letters in them, have been shuffled. What are they?

SEPILS — PRECARB.

3. If "material" is the "mat" of textiles, what is the mat of (a) Destroy, (b) the Family?

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 486

1. CELEBES, ANDAMANS.

2. SAUSAGE—BACON.

3. (a) Comfort, (b) fortune, (c) fortitude.

JANE



CROSSWORD CORNER

CLUES ACROSS.

2 Piece of beef.

9 Over.

11 Wait.

13 Sly.

14 Adviser.

15 Youngster.

16 Seed-vessel.

17 Entreat.

18 West African Colony.

21 Parent.

23 Double.

24 Stock phrase.

26 Morning.

28 Suits.

31 Catch.

33 A long way.

34 Immediately.

36 Fruit.

38 Wind.

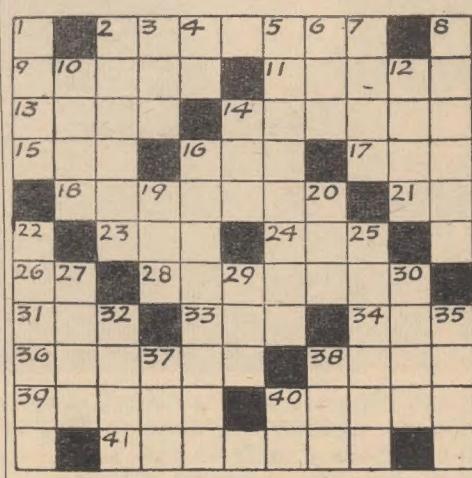
Instrument.

39 Not cut.

40 Trials of strength.

41 Responds.

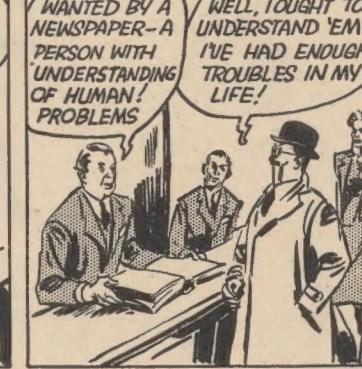
PEP HAS LAW
ALICE TIARA
RIPON ROBIN
TEA DINES
PERCHED LED
UL HOVER O
GEM NOSEBAG
LADEN SAD
BONUS BIRDS
UPSET ANGLO
NEE YET EEL



CLUES DOWN.

1. Yacht. 2 Fusible alloy. 3 Girl's name. 4 To do with. 5 Phone girl. 6 Scotch boy. 7 Fruit. 8 Corn. 10 Prejudice. 12 Liquid food. 14 Drinking vessel. 16 Avails. 19 Small lump. 20 Thrash. 22 Bone. 25 Clever one. 27 Complain. 29 Tin. 30 Plastic. 32 Size of type. 35 Direction. 37 Luminary. 38 Representing. 40 Remain.

RUGGLES



Argue This Out

BETTING.

A BETTING man, I suppose, would calculate that it is about twenty to one against the gambling laws of this country being sensibly revised in his lifetime, and he would be right. We are too pharisaical to give serious consideration to it. We continue to discover a difference between bets made in the street and bets made over the telephone; we decide that poker is a crime and bridge a game of skill (to say nothing of its being a social asset).

Fred Moir Brown.

SWING.

"SWING" is a good deal more harmful to the brain than smoking or drinking to the body. It is like soaking your brain in a cheap opiate which eventually eats away all power of criticism. I dread to think of the musical old age of a youth reared on "swing." It will probably be spent in the lunatic asylum.

Beverley Nichols.

WORK AND LIFE.

AS things are to-day, much of the work of the world is toil without interest. The hours of labour for the clerk adding up figures should be short, so that, having earned his living, he can live. To live, I believe, he must make something, grow something, produce something. I believe that a man must have beliefs to live. Rules of conduct, manners, decency of behaviour, kindness, cleverness, are not enough. A man needs something to worship.

Ralph Wightman (Farmer-Broadcaster).

PEACE.

ONE fundamental difference there must be from the pre-war era if we are to succeed in peace. There must be a rekindling of national faith in the high ideals of Christianity. There is no doubt that shining through the black misery of this war has come a spiritual unity uncovering for us a new faith of which we were previously only half aware. This must not be allowed to perish or wither with the coming of peace.

Lt.-Col. John Profumo, M.P.

GARTH



JUST JAKE



Alex Cracks

Customer: "When I buttoned this coat for the first time, about three inches of the cloth came off with the buttons."

Tailor: "Vell, dat shows how vell de buttons are sewn on, don't it?"

Customer: "I should like to try that frock on in the window."

Assistant: "Sorry, madam, but the management will not allow that. Would you care to try it on in our private fitting-room?"

For long after their departure he sat thus, amid a deep silence, broken only by an occasional giggle from the state-room, or an idiotic sniggering from the direction of the mate's bunk, until, recalled to mundane affairs by the lamp burning itself out, he went, in befitting gloom, to bed.

THE END

By courtesy of the Society of Authors and of the Executors of the late W. W. Jacobs.

Customer (trying on suit before mirror): "Hopeless! Absolutely hopeless!"

Tailor (horrified): "What is it you don't like?"

Customer: "My profile."



THIS ENGLAND. The old mill at Capel, near Dorking, presents a striking silhouette against the slanting rays of the setting sun. In that hushed moment before the sun finally sinks, not even the notes of a bird can be heard.



Cut this picture out and show it to your barber when you want a shave. It's calculated to put the fellow on his mettle! Just another part of the "Good Morning" service to submariners — no need to thank us.



OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

